

WOMEN'S BEAUTY IS DUE TO THE LOOKING GLASS.

An English Writer Discovers That Before the Introduction of the Mirror Women Were Stiff and Ungainly Creatures.

The Marvelous Change Wrought in Female Loveliness Since the Looking Glass Became Universal in the Boudoir.



QUEEN ELIZABETH—BEFORE INTRODUCTION OF THE



LOOKING GLASS.

Mlle. LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER, PAINTED IN FRONT OF MIRROR BY HERSELF.



CATHERINE DE MEDICI—BEFORE INTRODUCTION OF THE LOOKING GLASS.

There is an old saying that Beauty is only skin deep. This is all right so far as mere physical attractions are concerned, but beauty owes almost as much to the cheval glass and the pier mirror as to the advantages of good complexion.

Somewhere with an analytical turn of mind has been making a comparative study of the grace and attractiveness of ancient and modern beauties as typified in the old galleries of London and Paris, and in the work of the modern artist and photographer.

Up to a certain period of court history, this analyst—her name is Mrs. Crawford, and she is a distinguished English woman—found that women were monstrously awkward and angular.

They were hexagonal, octagonal and carvaceous. Their shoulders projected with the lack of grace observed in pump handles. Their necks were full of cords and sinews. Their bodies were molded in iron lines. Their necks were encased in unlovely ruffs and stiff neckwear that looked about as attractive as horse collars.

A step further along in history, perhaps fifty years, and there was a marvellous change. The portraits of women had grown lovely. Arms and necks were round and soft and dimpled. Attitudes were full of easy grace. There were no angles, no projecting elbows.

In short, woman by some wonderful means had learned the exact value of her physical attractions and was making the most of them.

Wherein was the secret? How was the great change brought about?

In one of the old French galleries the searcher after truth found an ancient painting of Diane de Poitiers. She was sitting in a deshabille, trying to find out just what kind of a woman she looked by means of a very small hand mirror.

Her attitude was angular and her arms were full of funny bones and her face might have been a large lump of baker's

dough, for all the expression it contained.

The truth is, that Diane de Poitiers looked very unlovely, and that she had no means of knowing it. She was a very famous beauty in her day, but when beauty can only see herself in a three-inch mirror and with one eye at a time, her loveliness is as a stunted and starved rosebud.

Close by the angular and ugly portrait of Diane was that of a famous court beauty of the time of the first Napoleon. She stood before a long pier mirror wherein she might see her entire figure reflected. Every line was soft and feminine. Every curve was shown to its best advantage.

Her round arms were lifted languorously to her flowing hair. Her eyes shone with a thorough appreciation of her own loveliness. The merit was not in the painting itself. The artist who painted Diane de Poitiers was a great one, and he had faithfully followed the hard and angular lines of his model.

Woman herself had brought about the change, and the mirror had been her mentor.

As soon as she was enabled to see herself as others saw her she began to soften, and to grow graceful.

Who has not seen a pretty woman stand before her glass and practice the arts that soften and beautify? Who has not seen her try color after color and effect after effect? And it is a known fact that when alone, she practices the smiles, the laughs and the tones that best become her, in order to appear the more lovely in company.

In short, it is through the medium of the mirror that woman

The Only Indian Actress in the World to Star in America.



(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Miss Go-Won-Go Mohawk as the Heroine in Her Own Play.

MISS GO-WON-GO MOHAWK, who has just returned from England, where she has been for the past six years, enjoys the distinction of being the only Indian actress in the world.

Miss Mohawk is not only a real red Indian, and a descendant of the famous chief Red Jacket, but she is what may be termed an aristocratic Indian, for she belongs to the Six Nations, which means to the American Indian what belonging to the peerage means to an Englishman.

But Miss Mohawk's claims to consideration do not depend entirely upon her blood or her nationality. She is a very remarkable woman in more senses than one. She would be a notable figure in any class of any race, however highly cultured or civilized the race may be, for she has the mental acumen, the quick perception and all the other qualities which go to make up the highly intellectual order of being so much in demand in the front ranks to-day. In addition to her rather extraordinary intelligence, Miss Mohawk has rare magnetic qualities, which place her head and shoulder above any other woman on the stage in this respect. In fact, her personality is so striking that when on the stage she dominates everything and everybody else in sight.

Miss Mohawk was born at Gowanda, Cattaraugus Reservation, New York. She is the daughter of Chief Ga-ne-gon, who was known to Americans as Doctor Allan Mohawk. After laying the foundation for her splendid physique by rowing, running, riding and hunting, and in all of these sports she excelled, Miss Mohawk entered a ladies' seminary at Painesville, Ohio, from which she graduated with honors a few years later.

After leaving school Miss Mohawk decided to go upon the stage professionally. She looked about for a time, and not finding a play just suited to her peculiar powers and temperament, she decided to write her own play, and the result is a clever story of Western frontier life, very dramatic and very exciting, but very natural and true to the times and conditions of life with which the writer deals. It is called "Wep-ton-no-mah, the Indian Mail Carrier." Miss Mohawk impersonates the male hero, and her acting is so realistic at times that her sex is often doubted. Six years ago, with the play and a company of her own, Miss Mohawk went to London, expecting to remain a year. After playing at a suburban theatre for a few weeks she



How Women Have Become Beautiful by the Discovery of Henrietta Maria.

began touring the provinces, and with such success that she remained in England six years, instead of one as she had planned.

Miss Mohawk is her own business manager and her own stage manager. She designs all her own scenery and furnishes sketches for all her pictorial printing. Her physical strength is very remarkable. She is able to throw the ordinary man clean over her head with the greatest possible ease. She is an excellent shot, a good fencer, an able archer, and an expert horsewoman, and very skilled in the use of the lariat. She captures and trains with her own hands the wild Indian ponies, and she owns some magnificent specimens of horseflesh. Nor is this woman lacking in any of the feminine graces or accomplishments. She speaks French and German, sings well and has the finished manners of the woman of the world. She also makes all her own costumes, both for stage and ordinary wear.

Miss Mohawk sailed from England September 7, and opened at the People's Theatre, Philadelphia, October 11. She will not be seen in New York until some time next March.

has worked her redemption from the bondage of angles. At present she is about as lovely as it is possible for her to be, and there is no man who will deny that the difference between embracing a siren of the ante-

mirror days and one of the present regime, is the difference between hugging a coal scuttle and an angel.

In Venice the making of glass mirrors on a commercial scale began in 1507, and in the glass houses of Murano practically killed the metal mirror industry.

The manufacture of glass mirrors was practised in England by Sir Robert Mansel early in the seventeenth century, and the Duke of Buckingham soon afterward established glass works at Lambeth, where flint glass was made for looking glasses.

Queen Henrietta Maria, of France and England, was very quick to introduce the mirror in both courts, and so feminine lines were gradually softened by women themselves. They recognised very quickly the harsh errors into which they had been led.

The artistic ideals of painters were also changed. In fact, matters went to the opposite extreme. It became the fashion among women to appear languishing and willowy. All the stiff bolt-uprightness of the earlier times disappeared.

And this is not all. In time the mirror caused a reflex action that was almost as bad as the original sin of uncompromising

angles. The slighter and weaker and more delicate a woman could appear the more fashionable she was.

The mirror was consulted constantly for the prevention of robustness and vitality. The red blood of health was deplored as indelicate.

This continued for so many years that the progress of woman-kind was really hampered and retarded. Men began to choose wives who showed some signs of health and human intelligence.

Always quick to notice the causes of feminine demand women began to mould themselves anew. Again it was the mirror—always the mirror—that brought this about. Larger waist lines became the fashion. The close and cramping shoes and stays were thrown away.

And now, thanks to the mirror—the large clear, limpid mirror that tells no lies—beauty is just what she should be. She is soft, and feminine, and graceful, and healthy, and strong, and many many times as pretty as any of the old stiff laced portraits that hang in the old galleries of Europe.

If you do not believe it, hunt up the portraits and judge for yourself.

There are the Princesses de Beaujolais, Marie Stuart, Ritratto Ignoto, Della Bella Simonetta and all of them painted by such great artists as Botticelli, Natter, Struzzi Doni and Ravestain, and the two famous but ungainly portraits here reproduced of England's great Queen Elizabeth and the French Queen Catherine de Medici.

Just compare these latter two, painted before Henrietta Maria of France, introduced the large mirror into fashionable court life, with the three graceful and lovely women in the handglass, painted within the last 125 years. The comparison is not "through a glass darkly." What a debt every beauty of to-day owes to the Venetian glass workers, the Duke of Buckingham and Henrietta Maria of France and England, if they only stop one moment to think of it!

A Live Dummy to Teach Football Players How to Tackle.

THE latest thing on the football field is the "live dummy" for tackling.

Heretofore the tacklers have used the sand-filled effigy of a canvas man rigged on a pulley with weights so that when tackled the dummy comes to the ground on the run, with the player hanging to its legs.

Pennsylvania was the first big college to introduce the "live dummy." It was a scheme invented by Head-Coach Woodruff, and you may get a good idea of how the dummy was dressed for the occasion.

Coach Woodruff canvassed among the candidates, but could find nobody willing to endure the terrible rush of a deliberate tackle. The thumps were too severe to endure, unless a big game was in question.

"Well, boys," said Woodruff, "I want to see you get along, so I will be the dummy myself."

Then he went away and had a special suit of football togs made for the occasion. They were padded to thrice the thickness of an ordinary football uniform. The legs looked like examples of elephantiasis and the arms were softened with innumerable layers of cotton batten.

Every part of the human anatomy was guarded as far as possible against injury. "Now," said he; "I want you to tackle me just as if I was a Princeton man as I run down the field."

So saying, he grabbed a football and started at the top of his speed toward the further end of the gridiron. Slantwise across the field came a little shock-headed chap flying like the wind. Neither Woodruff nor the player abated a jot of their speed.

"Five feet away and the tackler threw himself at Woodruff's legs and gripped them like a cat. Over went the big head-coach like a ten-pin. He did not stop, however, but dragged himself along three yards further.

"Now, that is just what I want you fellows to stop," he said on rising. "That was a poor tackle. Try it again."

For over an hour that afternoon Woodruff was tackled and tumbled about the field by every member of the Pennsylvania team.

Even with all his padding he was bruised and breathless at the finish.

Then came additional padding, and gradually the "live dummy" was perfected to that state where hard tackling was not hurtful in the least.

Then the plan was adopted by Harvard, Princeton and Yale, and at present all the big teams are using the "live dummy." The Harvard dummy was sent through the line for an hour recently without injury. The scheme works admirably.



How Coach Woodruff, the Human Tackling Machine, Looks in His Buffeting Rig.